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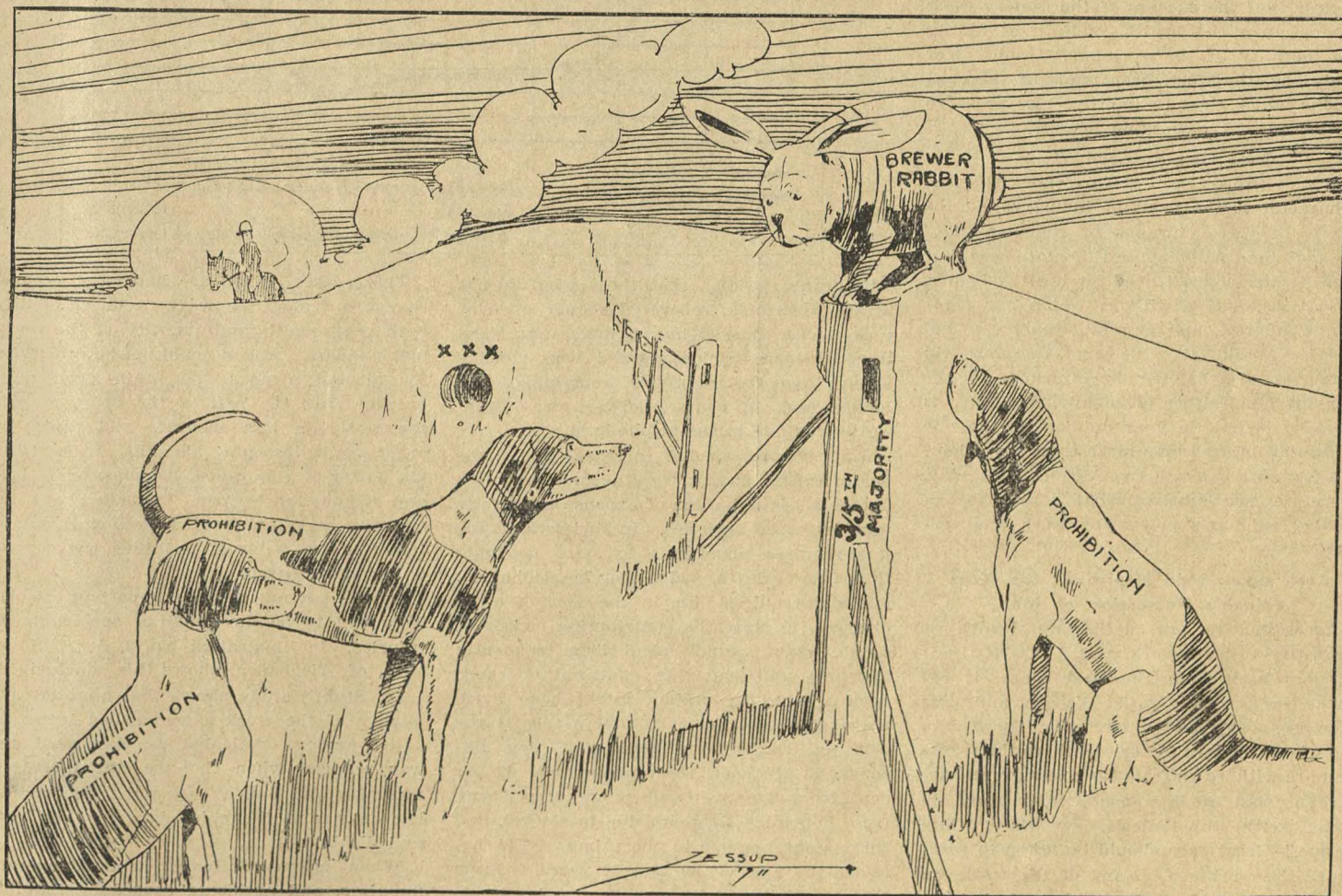
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## A JOURNAL OF MORAL REFORM AND NO-LICENSE.

VOL. V. NO 43. Price One Penny. THURSDAY JANUARY 11, 1912.

Registered at the G.P.O., Sydney, for transmission by Post as a Newspaper.



### How the Liquor Trade is Saved.

In New Zealand, Canada, and New South Wales bars would be as few and far between as angels' visits but for the unfair, undemocratic, and intolerable handicap of the three-fifths majority.

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# The Verdict of Experts.

## How Alcohol Prevents Good Work and Interferes with the Growth of our Nation's Success.

By RICHARD WRIGHT, Cambridge, Mass.

The time when most things were made at home and by hand has gone forever. With the increase in our knowledge of things during the last fifty years has come a remarkable increase in our power over nature. Machine after machine has been built—great powerful machines—which, run by steam and electricity, turn out more than five times the work that could be done by every man, woman and child in the country working by hand. As a consequence, great factories have been built in all parts of our country, where hundreds of workers are brought together, each running or managing his or her part of the great powerful, whirling wheels and shuttles.

This remarkable change from hand and home work to factory work has brought with it its own problems; and one of the most important of these is how to prevent sickness and maintain the health of the workers. It is clear that the success of the factory must depend upon the health, endurance, ability and morality of its workmen. Study after study has, therefore, been made of the conditions which tend to improve and preserve the health of the working people.

### Good Health—Good Work.

In the words of ex-Governor Hughes, "Character is the basis of industry and the surety of the endurance of the Republic." No good man will dispute this statement, but there is also a great need for healthy bodies, strong, and quick, without which our modern, wonderful, and powerful machines and factories would fail. We must, therefore, rid ourselves of whatever is injurious to the working man, either physically, mentally, or morally. What, in your opinion, is the one thing that injures man more than any other? We feel sure you will say Alcohol. We may, therefore, ask ourselves what is the effect of alcohol on man's power for work and service?

### Look upon Good Health as the Most Valuable Possession of Man.

According to our definition, health is necessary to good work, and ALCOHOL endangers health. In the first place, it reduces the power to resist disease, and thus decreases one's power for work. Look into one of our modern factories, where the workmen are withdrawn from the open air, and are perhaps shut up in rooms with persons affected with tuberculosis, or the "white plague." Great care should be taken to safeguard the workmen. Many of the workmen are drinkers, and we know that alcohol reduces the power of the body to resist disease and increases the chances of contracting the plague. Indeed, so true is this that the International Congress on Tuberculosis at Paris in 1905 passed this resolution: "That, in view of the close connection between alcoholism and tuberculosis, this Congress strongly emphasises the importance of com-

bining the fight against tuberculosis with the struggle against alcoholism."

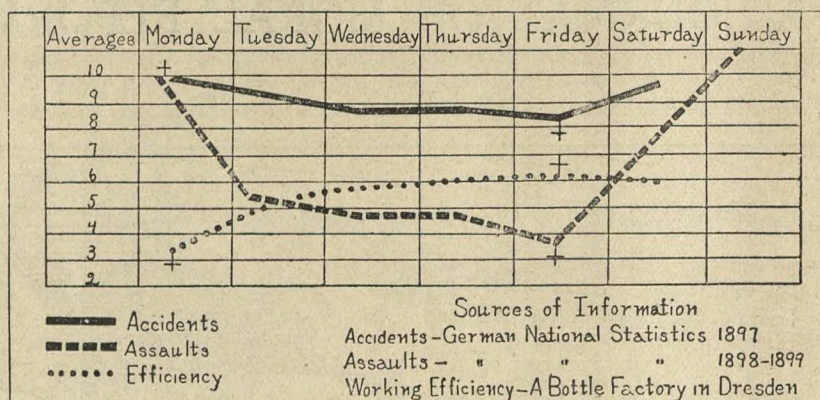
Again, alcohol lengthens the average period of disability when a worker is taken sick, as well as materially increasing the number disabled by reason of sickness. Mr. H. Dillon Gouge, the Public Actuary of South Australia, has shown by his study of the comparative sickness of drinkers and those who do not drink in Benefit Societies. First, that those who did not drink averaged only about one-half as much sickness as those

setts shoe manufacturer told the writer that in one year his firm lost over 5000 dols. in shoes spoiled by drinking men, and that he had himself traced these spoiled shoes to the workmen who, through their use of alcoholic liquors, had thus rendered themselves incapable. This is a serious handicap to our modern factory system, and explains why so many factory towns and cities are strongly favoring a policy of "No license" in opposition to the saloons.

In regard to the effect of alcohol in reducing the quantity of work, Professor Helenius reports that in a certain brickyard in a single season, the average, by actual count, of bricks made by a gang of brick-makers was 35,131 bricks less by the beer-drinkers per man than by the total number of those who did not drink.

### THE RELATION OF ALCOHOL TO ACCIDENTS, ASSAULTS, AND EFFICIENCY.

From Statistics Collected by A. H. Stehr, M.D., Weisbaden.



who drank; second, that those who did not drink, when sick, recovered sooner by over four weeks, thus saving in wages and sickness expenses, which showed very conclusively that the drinker's remaining sick longer and, of course, longer away from work, was due to the alcoholic habit.

Furthermore, alcohol increases the number of deaths among working men, and this entails a heavy burden of expense upon their families or on societies. In Switzerland the law requires physicians to state not only the cause of death, which may be alcoholism, but also requires him, in the case of other diseases, to state the contributing causes of death, among which alcoholism frequently appears; and had this contributing cause been absent, the patient might have lived. From statistics we learn that nearly 24 per cent. of deaths from heart and lung diseases; 30 per cent. from pneumonia, 43 per cent. from digestive troubles and 91 per cent. from hobbled liver are due to alcohol, and this among persons in the prime of life, between the ages of 40 and 50 years. From these facts it will be seen how seriously alcohol prevents good work and thus retards the growth of our modern industrial system.

### Quantity and Quality of Work.

But even where the question of health may not enter directly into the problem, it is true that alcohol reduces the ability of the workman, both as to quantity and quality of the work he does in our factories. A Massachu-

These cases, which are important because they are typical, show the reduced ability, both as to quality and quantity, of the workman's labors. And it could not be otherwise, for alcohol attacks the brain even more quickly than the rest of the body, making the workman less accurate and rapid; in other words, lessening his skill. It decreases his power of endurance, bringing on fatigue and exhaustion sooner. In both ways the quantity and quality of work turned out by factories are reduced, and thus the cost of living is increased.

Lastly, but not the less important, alcohol is known to be the cause of accidents and injuries. In illustration No. 3, A. H. Stehr, M.D., of Wiesbaden, shows this conclusively.

Dr. Stehr's study shows that quantity and quality of the work accomplished increased as the amount of alcohol was decreased, and was reduced when the use was increased, Saturday and Sunday being the chief drinking days, and the chief days for accidents and disabilities.

When crimes springing from dangerous impulses, and accidents caused by inability to take care of one's self, are growing in number, then quantity and quality of work are on the wane. In other words, alcohol spells bad work and slower work, which is merely another way of saying that it is the direct cause of physical, mental and financial loss.

(Concluded on Page 12.)





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## The Haunting Face.

A LITTLE STORY OF THE HOME LAND.

(By Ramsay Guthrie.)

William Greener was ill at ease. The experience was inexplicable. He was pressed with work. That year was the busiest he had known, and that month his engagements and commissions were innumerable. He had not a moment to spare. Earlier than ever he came to the office, and later than ever he stayed. Still he was unable to overtake his work. Wherever he looked he saw that face. It seemed to be photographed on the plans and drawings. It was painted on the walls and etched in his notebook. It seemed to peer from his letters, and always with pitiful and reproachful eyes. What could it mean? Her name had never been mentioned. Nothing had occurred to bring the village to his mind. Why should he be thus tormented? The London surveyor was worried and annoyed.

William Greener was one of the few who from the poverty of their chances had won the wealth of success. Who could have prophesied that the forester's son would have come to honor in his profession and to affluence in the city? He was one of the examples continuously held up to the children of his native village. His was a name to conjure with.

"Think of William Greener!" the orators at Tynebridge were often heard to say. "He was a lad of grit. He was born and bred in Tynebridge, and see where he is now. There's always room at the top!"

That was ever the climax. William Greener was the idol of the place.

Though the years had flown, he still remembered, remembered everything. He saw the cottage in which he was born, and in which he lived till his sixteenth year. Time had healed the wound, but the ache was there when he thought of his mother and her early death. There were pains in his eyes and a shame-flush when he recalled his father. He was the son of a drunkard.

The thought of Old Effie was inevitable. She was the comfort of his childhood and the friend of his youth. Her kitchen was his playground, his study, and his shrine.

She was the postmistress of Tynebridge, and her cottage was next door. In those days Tynebridge was a tiny place, and Effie was everything in the postal department. Morning by morning she went to the train for the post-bag. In the front room, which served as the office, she sorted the letters.

By and by she went the round, the 10-mile circuit of her charge. Each night the process was reported. Twice each day she sealed her bag for the trains.

She was the mainstay of the Methodist cause. What a history of depletion it had known! Sometimes Effie was the only adult. She cleaned the little chapel and never dreamt of payment. She arranged the notices and sold the circuit plans. She superintended the Sunday School, and kept open house for the preachers.

All alone she lived. It was known that she had relatives, but none ever came to see her.

What a noble face she had! There was something peculiarly touching in the contrast of her tall and stately figure and her sweet and gentle face. A strong, wise face it was, radiant with kindness. She had smiles for all, the high and the lowly.

Somehow the drunkard's motherless bairn became her charge. The laddie loved to be with her. He was up in the morning to walk with her to the station. On Saturdays he went the rounds with her. Often he was hungry, and asked Aunt Effie, as he called her, for something to eat. On winter nights he carried her lantern. He went to the Sunday School with her, and sat by her side at preaching time.

Thousands of hours he spent in her cosy kitchen. There was such love between them that silence was never felt. At the table he did his lessons. By her fire he read his books.

It was Effie who spoke to the schoolmaster about her laddie's career. It was she, on the dominie's advice, who appealed to the Lord of the Manor. The squire could surely get the genius of the village into the estate office, or into a bank or a shipper's employ.

She had prepared his clothes and packed his box when he was bound for London.

How vividly he remembered it all! He had the box still. He had seen it in the lumber-room not a month before.

For years he had sent her letters, with ever-increasing intervals between them. For many Christmases he had sent her presents. Then, somehow, her name slipped off the list.

In various ways he had received the Tynebridge news, but nothing of moment concerning Effie. The village had grown. The building speculators had reaped a rich har-

vest. City men were proud to make it their home. A fine suite of post-office buildings had been erected, and a postmaster and staff were duly installed.

Effie was just displaced. Nobody seemed to think of her. There was no pension, no village gratuity, no church allowance.

She still rented the cottage and cared for the chapel, though the years had bowed and enfeebled her.

She was poor, even to extremities, but never a sign she gave, never a whisper she breathed. Her scanty savings were almost exhausted. She was eking them out. She knew that the end must come. The last penny would be spent.

Her faith was childlike in its confidence and peace.

"I have been young and now am old, yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken nor his seed begging bread."

"If the Psalmist proved that, why should not I? I will. I do believe!" again and again, on her knees, she declared.

It was the Sunday morning and the brink of despair. She had nothing with which to break her fast. She had a penny, but she would need that for the collection.

A stranger in the service was indeed an event, but how could she recognise little Willie in the bearded, handsome, fashionable gentleman who was actually sitting at her side?

"We are pleased to see you, sir," she kindly said, when the service was over. "You'll have enjoyed the service. It has been good to be here."

"I have indeed, Aunt Effie," he cried, quite loudly, in the painful tension of the hour.

Her hand was on his arm. Her eyes were on his face. He looked at her. Yes, that was the face he had seen in London, but the look in the eyes was different. Those eyes reproached him, convicted him, shamed him. These eyes welcomed him, loved him, thrilled him.

"I'll go with you to dinner, Aunt Effie," he gently observed when the wonderment had subsided. He had slipped his arm through hers.

He did not observe her silence on the way home. He had a thousand things to see and say.

They were alone in the room together. She sat in her chair, with her hands in her lap.

"You've come at an awkward time, Willie," she managed to say. "I've got nothing in the house for dinner."

(Concluded on page 12.)



# Yes! We Make Good Bread!

If you would like to try the Bread, ring up No. 192 Redfern, or 367 Newtown,  
and ask us to send a Cart. YOU WILL CERTAINLY LIKE IT.

## WILLIAM WHITE, Redfern and Newtown.

### New South Wales Alliance.

#### NOTES AND COMMENTS BY THE SECRETARY.

Are you working or only talking?

The Reform needs workers—who give themselves and their money to it.

Shall we each be very practical? You ask, "How?" The immediate reply is by working the Bottom Square Box Scheme.

Note our objectives:—

1. A Bottom Square Box in every No-License home.

2. A penny weekly from every No-License voter.

If you have more than a sentimental interest in the emancipation of the country you should at least co-operate in this simple and absolutely essential plan of work.

A very aristocracy of character is gathering around the Advance to Victory Workers. The little box acts like a magnet, and draws to its service the best.

We want 5000 new agents appointed in 1912. Will you be one? Let your patriotism and good will find expression in this eminently practical and easy method of raising "the sinews of war."

How shall we reach our goal? "The sufficient education of every child in New South Wales in the scientific aspects of the alcohol question." Suggestions are invited by the special committee from all interested in the welfare of the children.

St. George electorate was among the first with the box money this quarter, the sum being £4 3s. 4d. Mrs. Mitchell is bravely fighting the battle of the box in her great and progressive electorate.

The exact date of the annual convention will be announced early. The committee entrusted with the work will aim at the biggest and best annual meeting on record.

Mr. James Gilmour, son of the well-known secretary of the Sydney C.M.M., has promised the help of a brass band for our annual public meeting.

Mrs. Barton, radiant as ever, passed through Sydney recently from New Zealand, en route for Scotland. I bade her "good-bye" on the Orient liner, and wished her bon voyage. She has a great heart and is a great fighter, and worked with an unquenchable zeal and tireless industry for the cause.

Essay writers on "The Advantages of No-License" are reminded that the essay should be in this office by the last day of January. Address the envelope to the president, and mark it "Essay."

Mr. Arthur Toombs is holidaying in Sydney. He is making an excellent record as an effective drink fighter in the great northern State.

Mr. H. G. Payne has concluded his nine months' No-License work in Christchurch, and has taken up the pastorate of the Church of Christ in Hornsby.

Mr. James Marion gave the Stanmore brotherhood a talk on New Zealand. Rev. C. J. Tinsley, of the Alliance Executive Committee, occupied the chair.

#### OVER-EATING v. INTEMPERANCE.

"Over-eating is as bad as over-drinking."  
"There is more misery caused by eating too much than by drinking too much."

Such absurdities are not uncommon. We meet them often in liquor journals; we hear them from the lips of liquor advocates. The folly embodied is very cleverly exposed by Mr. W. T. Davis, who asks the following questions:—

Is alcohol a food?

Does soup ever make a man crazy?

Do fish ever drag a man under the table?

Does bread ever give a man the big head next morning?

When a man eats beefsteak today, does he crave the whole cow to-morrow, and, if he cannot get it, does it set him smashing the furniture?

Does the leg of a chicken ever send a man home to kick his wife and beat his babies?

Does a woman ever send a notice down to the hotelman forbidding him to sell her husband pancakes?

Do life insurance companies ever turn men down because they are addicted to strawberries and cream?

Do apple-dumplings ever make a man rosy-nosed?

Does dumpling pie ever keep a man from finding the key-hole?

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### REVEILLE.

(Guy Fitch Phelps.)

As the watcher on the tower  
Who beheld the Polish king,  
While a wronged and famished people  
Prayed below,  
We have set our temperance warder,  
We have heard his clarion ring,  
That the sons of honor march upon the foe.

They are coming! They are coming!  
Like the gathering of the clans;  
They are coming like the billows of the  
sea,

For the bugle sounds Reveille  
In the midst of all the lands,  
With the battle cry—Saloons shall cease  
to be.

Where the spring a robe is weaving  
For the shoulders of the hill,  
On the far-off rugged slopes  
Of glorious Maine;  
To the dreamy land of sunset  
Does the gathering shout instil  
The awakening hearts of valley, shore and  
plain.

For the Teuton like a glacier,  
Melting in a summer flood,  
Speaks in Anglo-Saxon courage  
Hot and high.  
And Semitic teachers rally  
To the honor of one God,  
Who has trailed the proclamation on the  
sky.

God has phonographed the moanings,  
He has photographed the want;  
He has bottled up the streams of woman's  
tears;  
In the breast of retribution  
He will open up a fount,  
That will wash away the drunkenness of  
years.

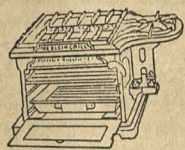
For His inspiration quickens,  
Be the struggle long or brief,  
Yet sufficient to give fully  
Wrong for wrong;  
And the gold at Bacchus' altar,  
Blistered o'er with drops of grief,  
Shall be wasted as the autumn leaves along.

Full upon the hills of promise  
Streams a bright and better day.  
Soon the night of greed and license  
Shall be gone,  
For corruption's hordes are stealing  
Like detested things away,  
And the nation now the sword of truth have  
drawn.

They are coming! They are coming!  
Like the gathering of the clans;  
They are coming like the billows of the sea,  
For the bugle sounds Reveille  
In the midst of all the lands,  
With the battle cry—Saloons shall cease  
to be. —American issue.

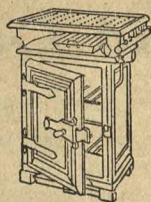


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## Comments by the Man on the Water Waggon.

### THE DEFENCE QUESTION.

It is really very wonderful how suddenly the defence question has leaped into prominence, more particularly since the Morocco question caused such a flutter in the continental dovescotes. Hardly a day passes without letters and leaders in the daily Press bring the "international situation" before us. We seem, on these isolated shores, to have suddenly awakened to the weakness of our position. And there is this much consolation about it: It is better to have awakened than to have slept on. For we are not in a very envious position with regard to our own powers for defence, nor is it one that gives us any reason to flatter ourselves over. We have been asleep, most comfortably dozing upon the ample bosom of the grand old Empire, never dreaming that, to quote a vulgarism, it was "up of us" to help at all. It is good to have arisen from such a weak and helpless position into one that shows the Mother Country we are at least trying to give a little help in the work of defence. But we must face the question bravely, as it is not one that will stand any weak shuffling. It would look as if Germany and the Old Land may be at war at almost any moment. We, at such a time, might easily fall a prey to any designing power before Great Britain had disposed of her continental foes. In any case, we should wish to be in a position to help our Motherland, and the stronger we are for that purpose the better. Australians responded boldly to the call to arms in 1900. Let no man think they would do less, but rather more, in these latter days. The available tonnage wouldn't hold those offering for immediate service—that is our opinion, at anyrate, of the probable state of affairs when war breaks out.

### LOCAL OPTION IN CANADA.

How pleased, indeed, must our opponents have been to read in last Wednesday's cable that only fifteen municipalities in the Province of Ontario, Canada, carried Prohibition, whilst twenty more had a majority vote cast in its favor, but not by a sufficient margin to secure it. It tells the whisky advocates that the trend of public opinion towards the veto is not confined to New Zealand. It arouses the deepest fears and wildest alarms in their breasts to find the Prohibition fever spreading. The time will surely come when, through the Old Land, as well as through the States, will a strong

anti-liquor flame of sentiment spread with the greatest fervor. This the opposition thoroughly appreciate, and are nerving themselves for a very big struggle. They place all the blame upon the poor "wowsers." That is absurd. The blame must be laid against the higher education and enlightenment of the masses. Enlightenment and intoxication are not sisters, not even cousins—they are enemies. And although the former may be sometimes found temporarily bound to the latter, it is under a hateful and cruel bondage and not a sympathetic partnership. If you wish to increase the use of alcohol, put back the education of the people. That is the quickest way to do it. Education is showing the working man, as well as his weaker brother, what a curse and incubus the liquor business is. You cannot blind the eyes opened by education with fool arguments such as "the defence of the liberty of the subject." You can't round up all the old beery publicans and their parasites in a town and call them the "defenders of liberty." Do they look like it? Where are their nerves? How soon would they disappear in time of danger? Call them Liberty Leaguers, or anything you like, but as "defenders" of anything but quarter casks, they are the laughing stock of the community. No, sirs! Education is "the" factor that will finally diminish your trade, if it doesn't annihilate it altogether.

### THAT 25 QUID.

[A reference to the £25 the Fielding, N.Z., publican never paid.]

That wowser came down like a thousand of bricks,

Just said we were liars, exposed all our tricks;

Then we played our trump card, and put up twenty-five,

We thought such a bluff he could never survive.

But that wowser, just fancy, came up to the scratch,

A whisper betwixt us, "he's more than a match,"

I'm in a great scrape, for you see it's this way,

The twenty-five's nothing, but what will they say

When they hear that the wowser has won every lap,

When all over the State flies the news how that chap,

In the recent set-to won the betting event? Among comrades I'd rather have lost every cent.

But what's to be done, I would just like to know?

If I pay up, why, hang it, 'twill make them all crow;

And if I don't pay, what will they not say? Trust wowsers! No fear, when a fellow's at bay.

Great scot! is there no way, then, out of the toils?

At thought of that wowser my blood fairly boils.

That twenty-five, twenty-five, twenty-five quid.

Oh, I feel a strong wish that in shades I were hid.

J. FINDLY.

### THAT WOWSER.

Who took me up for twenty-five  
When I so rashly made that dive,  
And held me fast as in a gyve?

That wowser

Who makes 'me squirm, who makes me grieve,

Who now is laughing up his sleeve,

Who turns my stomach, makes me heave?

That wowser.

Who now that twenty-five expects,  
Who rubs it in with great effects,  
Who, honor-bright, so much affects?

That wowser.

I take a licking like a sport,  
But one like this just makes me snort.  
I hate to meet that other sort,

The wowser.

Who'll tell me how to do a sneak,  
And keep that chink from Mr. Meek,  
Without appearing just a peak

To wowsers?

And if I must that twenty-five  
Part up, then surely, saints alive,  
At last, at least, he will me shrive

(He'll slip the gyve),

That wowser.

Another Match.—On the death of his first wife a literary celebrity of the South erected an elaborate memorial to her, on which was inscribed the sentiment, "The light of my life has gone out." The late Bishop Wilmer, of Alabama, pointed out the memorial to a friend, who read the words and then asked, "But he married again, didn't he?" "Yes," replied the bishop, "he did. You see, he struck another match, as it were."

Have you as much assurance cover on your life as is necessary for the protection of your family? If not, write to

**S. B. WEATHERLAKE,**

Agent for THE **A. M. P. SOCIETY.**  
87 PITT STREET, SYDNEY.



# The New Zealand Campaign.

H. G. PAYNE, late Organizer Christchurch Prohibition League.

On arrival in New Zealand from Australia one is impressed by the position which Prohibition holds in the public estimation. It is no longer called upon to justify its existence, but enters the lists as an accredited knight to meet its enemies in mortal combat.

Business and professional men openly avow their Prohibition principles to an extent which, to one accustomed to the canny cautiousness of most men in similar positions in New South Wales, is decidedly encouraging. Most politicians bow before the power of the Prohibition Party, and, cap in hand, beg its assistance. Less than a quarter of a century ago a "minority of fanatics"; to-day the dominating influence in New Zealand politics. Even "Fairplay," commenting on the recent poll, is compelled to voice a reluctant admission of its power in the words: "It is the most serious political event that has ever happened in these States. With the majority they appear to possess the Prohibitionists could coerce Parliament into doing what they are pleased to regard as good for them."

The present position of the Prohibitionists has been won against hatred, misrepresentation, abuse, persecution, and even physical violence. The liquor party has moved hell and earth—and would have moved heaven if it had possessed any influence there—in the attempt to check the advance of Prohibition. To-day 255,864 people have declared against the trade and 202,608 for it; a majority of 53,256—or 55.81 per cent. for Dominion Prohibition and 44.19 against it.

When the campaign opened in the beginning of 1911 it was hard to prophecy the result. None of the Prohibition leaders attempted to forecast the figures, but there was a strong feeling that the National Prohibition vote would be good. As the months went past that conviction was strengthened. The late T. E. Taylor lectured on the West Coast. The coast had always been unfavorable to No-License, yet Mr. Taylor's experience on the visit mentioned convinced him that there would be a strong vote for National Prohibition. Similar predictions were made by other leaders concerning other parts of the Dominion.

The trade fought savagely and unscrupulously. Misrepresentation was one of their favorite weapons; Maine was one of their favorite missiles. After several contradictory cables concerning the vote in Maine had been published the "Truthful Trade" received a cable at the same time as the Alliance, and to the same effect, viz., that Maine had retained Prohibition in her Constitution. This was published in the North Island. In the South, in spite of the trade's knowledge to the contrary, it was stated up to the last that Maine had gone back on Prohibition. After the poll the "Lyttelton Times" published a statement of the true position in Maine, which ended with the following significant sentence: "It is strange

that the Press Association has been unable to supply New Zealand newspapers with the exact information which was published in the United States more than a month ago." It is more than strange.

In the name of "liberty," attempts were made to prevent Prohibitionists from speaking in the open air, and in Christchurch the attempt would have been successful but for the appeal of the Prohibitionists to the authorities. Even the presence of the police did not prevent disorder and attempted violence on the days immediately preceding the poll.

The endearing term "Wowser" was imported from Australia. A liquor advocate said to another of the same fraternity: "The way to beat these fellows (enumerating a number of leading Prohibitionists) is to bring them into contempt." Probably their use of the "Wowser argument" was one of their attempts to create this contempt. It was not very effective. As L. M. Isitt put it: "The word 'Wowser' had been applied to the No-License workers as a term of contempt. In six months it had become a patent of moral nobility."

A business man, who is not a Prohibitionist, said that the Prohibitionists gained 80 per cent. of the young voters. That all the females and 30 per cent. of the males who voted for the first time were on the side of Prohibition. This estimate is too liberal, but the young vote is mainly for us, and the young voters are an important influence in each poll.

T. E. Taylor, in the attempt to make the most of the possibilities in this direction, organized a Young Men's National Prohibition Guild a few weeks before his death. The Young Women's National Prohibition Guild followed. In Christchurch and district the membership of these two societies totalled 1000. The president of the Young Men's Guild is a young lawyer; the secretary and treasurer two University students. The Guild's primary work was to win young men voters. It also held open-air meetings, and some of the finest meetings during the campaign were arranged and conducted by them. They also canvassed and assisted the work generally. The Young Women's Guild did magnificent service, supporting the Prohibition League's open-air meetings by singing, etc., canvassing, conducting meetings, influencing young lady voters, assisting the finances of the League, and placing their excellent organization at the services of the League's organizer. Both of these societies, while enjoying independent existence and self-government, were at the call of the Prohibition League, and responded splendidly to that call. These Guilds do not intend to disband, but will spend the time before the next campaign in strengthening and extending their organization.

Generally speaking, the campaign was such as those which New South Wales has

experienced, excepting that the relative numbers and influence of the Prohibitionists, and the certainty of the nearness of success, gave an inspiration and enthusiasm so far unknown in our fights, and which will not be gained without the years of steady, dogged, faithful, persistency which are behind the New Zealand movement.

To-day, strong and cheerful in the result of the recent poll, and with the light of victory in their eyes, our comrades are awaiting the final onslaught and the long-deferred victory.

When the first returns of the poll were published the trade rejoiced in the victory (sic) they had won. Rev. R. S. Gray, in reply to this, said that they reminded him of the man who had been kicked downstairs, and who clung to the bannister, and thanked the householder for his invitation to remain. We have heard nothing of their victory since the final returns were published. Mr. A. Myers, of Auckland, the leading liquorite of New Zealand, stated that the vote gave the trade "food for thought." Evidently they have been so busy chewing this tough morsel that they haven't had time to talk.

The No-License vote was not up to expectations. Various theories have been urged to explain this. The pro-liquor "Press" claimed that the big vote for National Prohibition was due to an alleged ambiguity in the national ballot paper. In saying this they reflect sadly on the intelligence of their party, for if such mistakes were made, and made against the liquor interests, many liquor voters do not possess sufficient sense to vote properly. The only alternative is that mistakes were not made to any appreciable extent, but that people dropped the minor to vote for the major reform.

A correspondent in the "Lyttelton Times" puts the case well. He says:—

"I attribute the disparity between the No-License vote and the National Prohibition vote to the following causes:—

"(1) Many voted No-License in the past as being the best thing open for them, and at the same time discarded the reduction vote. An examination of the previous polling figures would confirm this. This time they discarded the No-License vote in favor of the larger and more satisfactory issue. (2) Others voted local continuance and National Prohibition because of the apparent injustice of closing one man and leaving another over the border to wax rich. Liquor advertisements describing the injustice of local No-License confirmed them in this view. (3) There are always a large number who are glad to occupy a compromise position. It sounds well to say, 'I am opposed to local No-License, but don't mind closing down on the whole colony and putting us all in the same boat.' This attitude helps many a man over a difficult social or business stile. (4) The last message of T. E. Taylor, 'National Prohibition is worth living for and worth dying for,' lifted the issue to a high place in the imagination of the

(Continued on Page 10.)



## The Fight in Maine.

Address by Mrs. L. M. N. Stevens, president National W.C.T.U., 28/10/11.

The next day we received the joyful report that errors in returns, when corrected, would give a majority for the retention of prohibition. For eight days we alternated between hours of sadness and of gladness; and then came the official count by the Governor and Council at which hearing we were present. This count gave a "Yes" majority of 26 out of a total vote of 120,948, but this 26 "Yes" majority was subject to revision, inasmuch as errors enough appeared to change the 26 "Yes" majority to a "No" majority of several hundred. But again we were obliged to wait, yet we could joyfully say to the Associated Press that evening, at the midnight hour, "Undoubtedly the corrections will be made and the prohibitory amendment will be retained." In fact, it was quite generally conceded by both friends and foes of the amendment that the prohibitory forces had won the victory. Congratulations were received from over land and over sea, from the International Anti-Alcohol Congress, from the United Kingdom Alliance of Great Britain, and from other parts of the world. A business man in Boston, formerly of Maine, in telegraphing his congratulations, said, "The greatest moral victory in the world's history." Another message read, "The New York Christian Herald" greets the temperance mothers, wives and daughters of Maine and congratulates them on the triumph of prohibition. We are proud of Maine and pray that she may never repeal the amendment which has been her pride and her distinction for twenty-seven years."

On October 9 came the final hearing in the Council Chamber on the ballot returns, and when the hearing closed, it was indisputably apparent that a majority of 758 of those who voted on September 11 cast their votes in favor of retaining the prohibitory amendment.

I at once sent out the following message:

"On September 9, the United Kingdom Alliance, Great Britain, cabled, 'Hold the fort, the world watches.' We have held the fort against the terrible assaults of the united forces of the liquor makers, liquor sellers and their allies and the world will rejoice. The remarkable campaign just closed has revealed that there is a world-wide interest, not only in total abstinence but in prohibition, and the day of the final overthrow of the liquor traffic has been hastened."

The delay of the Governor and Council to declare a prohibition victory is hard to understand.

No doubt the liquor interests of the nation, which furnished the money to use in the effort to overthrow Maine's prohibitory law, have left nothing undone to secure the result they hoped for. But it seemed evident that they had given up as beaten when the president of the Brewers' Congress, which met recently in Chicago, is reported to have spoken of "Maine's failure to rid

itself of the curse of prohibition," and then proceeded to tell by what means prohibition had been retained in Maine.

At the same meeting, the secretary of the United States Brewers' Association did not, in his speech, class Maine with the States in which prohibition has been defeated and claims that one of the reasons why prohibition was not defeated in Maine was because the express companies and the Boston wholesalers sent hundreds of speakers into the field in Maine to oppose the removal of the prohibitory law. I refrain from comment on this absurdity, inasmuch as I have already shown how foundationless and untrue are all such statements.

The campaign, though strenuous, was widely educative. The public conscience has been aroused. Let no one minimize the result of the prohibitory victory because the majority is no larger. All things considered it is a marvellous triumph. Thousands voted "Yes," September 11, because they thought the question ought not to be in the constitution but they would not vote to repeal State-wide prohibition if that were the straight proposition. About 25,000 voters stayed at home, not realizing that their votes were needed to save prohibition for Maine. No doubt they were almost to a man opposed to the licensed saloon, for if they had not been they surely would have been gotten to the polls to vote "Yes." All things considered, I do not hesitate to reiterate that the result of the hard fought battle in Maine is the greatest moral victory of the century.

### The "Trade" and Some of Its Claims.

The names used by the liquor advocates under which to do their anti-prohibition campaign work, differ in various States. In Chicago, "The United Societies" is composed of brewers, distillers, liquor sellers and their allies. "Personal Liberty League" is the favorite name with the "Trade" and there are many such societies. Oftentimes the name alone does not indicate the real object of the society; for instance, there is one called the "American Merchants' and Manufacturers' Association"—"organized to oppose the enactment of prohibitory laws." "The Maine Local Self-Government League" is the name that the liquor advocates used in Maine during the campaign. This name, in short, means License League, for at the organizing meeting of the anti-prohibitionists they resolved to do all within their power to repeal the prohibitory amendment, and to work for the enactment of laws for the regulation and control of liquor selling. This society worked incessantly to prove that local option, or some form of license, would be better for Maine than prohibition.

They joyously spread the report that, during the last year, 20,000,000 gallons of liquor had been shipped into prohibition territory. We replied: "40,000,000 people are now living in territory which has outlawed the sale of liquor. This would make the average

consumption per capita for those living in such territory, one-half gallon."

The whole amount of liquor last year "withdrawn for consumption" was 2,094,322,884 gallons. Deducting from this the 40,000,000 gallons reported to be consumed in prohibition territory would leave 41 gallons per capita used by the 59,000,000 people living in license communities, instead of one-half gallon per capita in prohibition territory.

If "prohibition territory" means only prohibitory States, then it would allow 1½ gallons of liquor per capita only in prohibitory States; while the Government Internal Revenue Report shows that 21.36 per cent. gallons per capita is consumed by the people in all of the States, including the prohibitory States.

The license advocates claimed that local option in Maine would decrease drunkenness. The prohibition advocates replied that during three years under prohibition in Vermont there were 545 cases of intoxication in the courts, and in three years under local option there were 1642, an increase of over 200 per cent. The upholders of license quoted against prohibition the large amount paid in Federal liquor taxes, but we replied that license New Jersey, with about the same population as prohibition Maine and prohibition Kansas combined, paid the United States in liquor taxes 3,470,644 dols., while Kansas and Maine paid 102,508 dols. Our opponents told of the large amount of crime in Maine. We replied that during five years in Maine there were only 33 murders, but during five years in high license local option Massachusetts there were 424 murders, or in proportion to population, 145 murders in Massachusetts to 33 murders in Maine. The defenders of local regulation say that prohibition prevents financial prosperity; but we point with pride to the fact that here is a steady increase in Maine's valuation, at the rate the past year of more than 20,000,000 dollars; and that the amount in the saving institutions of the State, counting in the women and the children, is now 225 dols. per capita. When they tell us that the cities want local option we reply, "The State should control the cities instead of allowing the cities to control the State." We ask the Maine Mothers where they desire protection for their boys and they earnestly reply, "We want it in the cities as well as in the towns. We want it wherever our boys are and our boys are in every part of the State."

Even if we had a majority of 60,000 for prohibition, the law would not annihilate the traffic nor altogether eliminate liquor selling in Maine. The same sanity of reasoning applied to other laws, should also be applied to the laws against liquor selling. State-wide prohibition cannot be as effective as desired by temperance people so long as liquor is manufactured and legally sold in adjacent States or in any State. Prohibition at its best can never be realised in any State until the United States Government gives to prohibition territory just an adequate protection from the invasions of the liquor traffic.—"Union Signal."



# GRIT.

A Journal of Moral Reform  
and No-License.

"Grit, clear Grit."—A pure Americanism, standing for Pluck, or Energy, or Industry, or all three. References probably had to the sandstones used for grindstones—the more grit they contain the better they wear.

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THURSDAY, JANUARY 11, 1912.

## ARCHBISHOP REDWOOD AND REV. HAMMOND.

The following letter has been sent to the Editor of the "Vanguard":—

"Dear Sir,—In 'Vanguard' of December 23rd just to hand, I am surprised to find the following statement in your leading article:—'It seems that the Rev. R. B. Hammond, of Sydney, in addressing a meeting at Ashlurton, had spoken of the possibility of the time coming when Churches generally would do what his own Church had done, viz., substitute unfermented wine for fermented wine for sacramental purposes, thus obviating the necessity for importing wine for such uses. It was an entirely irresponsible utterance, and was as wide as the poles asunder from any suggestion that legal steps would be taken by anybody at any time to stop those who felt inclined to do so from importing what they deem necessary for the purpose in question.' The position is not fairly represented by this statement. At an open-air meeting I was asked a question, viz., 'Do you believe the evil is in the drink itself?' This was entirely irrelevant to anything I had tried to say in a meeting that was a good deal interrupted, and I took it to refer to the question of controlling the liquor traffic, and answered, 'We often see pubs with the notice up, 'Under entirely new management,' but it

always proves to be the same old beer and the same old results. We do not propose to attempt any longer to manage liquor, but to banish it.' Then came the question, 'What about the exemption clause?' I said I heartily agree with it, but don't lose sight of the fact that while the use of crude alcohol as fuel will increase, the medicinal use will cease. Why, if the Sydney Hospital in 10 years has reduced its expenditure from seven shillings and ninepence per head to less than 2d., what will it be in the next 10 years? As to the churches' use of wine, so long as a single church demands it, so long will it have every opportunity for obtaining it, but there are churches like my own that do not believe the efficacy of wine for religious purposes depends on the amount of alcohol by which such wine is fortified.

"I do not consider it was an entirely irresponsible utterance, and am sorry you should so put it in your paper. The inference may be drawn that the Alliance repudiates me, and that all my utterances are entirely irresponsible. As a matter of fact there was not one word in all that I said in 150 lectures, given often under most trying circumstances, that the other side could make capital out of. And since I distinctly asserted my approval of the exemption clause, I do not feel in any way responsible for the extraordinary use the Archbishop made of my name.—yours, etc.,

"ROBERT B. S. HAMMOND."

## HEAD PUNCHING FOR MONEY.

The "Southern Cross" draws attention to the fact that the pugilistic debauch to which we have been subject, and from which we are still suffering, can, and ought, to be stopped by law.

In England the police have brought the boxing contests, which are multiplying so fast, to the test of the law courts, and have won a very significant victory. Two men, Driscoll and Moran, were to fight at Birmingham on December 16 for "the feather-weight championship of the world," under the National Sporting Club rules. The chief constable summoned the two boxers and the promoters of the fight to show cause why they should not be bound over to keep the peace. The issues to be decided were: Is a prize fight illegal; and, if so, was this particular contest a prize fight? Leading counsel was engaged on both sides, and much evidence was taken. It was shown that—

"The usual practice was to work the padding of the boxing gloves to the wrist and to the fingers, so that a heavy blow by a boxer wearing 4oz. gloves was as damaging as a blow with bare knuckles. There was no doubt that heavy blows would be dealt, and there were all the elements of a prize-fight. Driscoll had won seven fights by the 'knock-out' blow and Moran four. A knock-out blow, it was explained, made a man unconscious and unable to go on. A police-inspector gave his opinion that if a fight took place there would be a breach of the

peace. He expected one of the men would be 'knocked out.'"

Exactly this evidence could be given about every prize fight held, or to be held, in Australia. The decision of the bench was that "the contemplated fight was more than a mere exhibition of skill; it was a prize fight, and therefore illegal"; and Moran and Driscoll, and all engaged in getting up the contest, were bound over to keep the peace. The law in Australia is exactly the same on this subject as in England; and a similar decision to that at Birmingham would bring to a summary end all these contests which are a scandal to civilisation.

We are glad to know steps are being taken to set the law in motion, and we hope the readers of "Grit" will back the effort in every way possible. The "fans" may call us what they like and the paper called "Fairplay" may use up some of its "best" language on us, but we are quite sane, and abuse won't deter us. We enjoy life, we delight in sport, and we will fight this grotesque and irrational prize-fighting, so-called sport, with all the power we have. This is not a question of sentiment as far as we are concerned, but one of public decency. If these blacks or any other people want to punch one another's heads, by all means let them do so. That is their business. But if it is to become a business which involves thousands of people, thousands of pounds, incites tens of thousands of children, and makes New South Wales the dumping ground of a most undesirable class, then it is time to protest, and we are confident we have all normal and sane people with us in such a protest.

## WANTED.

Our issue of December 8, which is No. 38, was in such demand that we find ourselves without a sufficient number of copies for the office. We want 15 copies. If you have a copy of that issue please post it to us. The picture is "The Shadow that never left him." Thank you very much.—Ed. "Grit," Box 390, G.P.O., Sydney.

## PUBLIC EXAMINATIONS.

Although the College is 17 years old, our coaching for Public Examinations has only become established in a large way since January, 1908. During the past three years our coaches (all Sydney University men) have been extremely successful. We coach by individual tuition only and prepare students for Matriculation, Bankers' Institute, Cadet Draftsmen, State and Commonwealth Clerical Exams., Pharmacy Board, etc.

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# From Seven to Seventeen

The BOYS' and GIRLS' OWN

(By UNCLE BARNABAS)

## A PUNCTURED TYRE.

Have you ever had a puncture when riding your bike? What a difference it makes from easy and comfortable progress to rough, bumpy, and slow. I hope you will borrow some one's bike and just try the experiment. It will impress you—the difference is so very great. We are very like bikes, if we are in a right spirit. Everything is easy, and we laugh and lend a helping hand, but how often we get a puncture. We let some unkind word, some ingratitude, some selfishness, or some laziness puncture us, and away escapes all the right spirit, and we do go along like a punctured bike in a very bumpy way. Sometimes the tyre goes down without a puncture, and it only needs blowing up—it won't keep right without an occasional fixing up, and neither will we. When things go wrong, and some one says we "got out of our bed on the wrong side," it is then time to remember that we ought to locate the leak, and we ought to get renewed in a right spirit. It is not always easy to find a puncture: it is often so very small, but it must be found. It is never so small that we can afford to ignore it. In this new year, dear ne's and ni's, we are bound to get a few punctures; they are nearly always sure to be small, but find them out, and stop them up. We can do that and then God will renew us in a right spirit, and we will make a record trip through 1912. —Uncle B.

## THOSE TWO PRIZES.

Your account of how you spent Christmas, which may include Christmas shopping, the visit from Santa Claus, and your doings all that day must reach me by February 8. Write only on one side, and please do write. I want fifty ne's and ni's to try for this prize. And then your account of your holidays need not be sent till the last day in February. Two good prizes, and if any one is very near the winner there will be other prizes given. Now then, don't be lazy. We all want to hear about your Xmas and your holidays. Post to Uncle B., Box 390 G.P.O., Sydney.

## A BEAUTIFUL GARDEN.

Have you walked in that wonderful garden  
Where unselfishness blooms as a rose,  
And content is the sweetest of borders,  
Where the lily of peacefulness grows?

Have you been where the herb that is honor  
Throws its fragrance o'er life just begun,  
And the little white daisies of kindness  
Are unfolding gold hearts to the sun?

It is far down the road of endeavor,  
Little child, in a kingdom apart!  
And you'll find in this beautiful garden  
All the flowers that should bloom in your heart.  
—N. M. COOK.

## A PHOTO IN THE SURF.

Kath, Dalburrabin, Casino, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I know it is a long time since I wrote to you, but I suppose you will excuse me, because you know the rush there is at Christmas time, everyone going away for their holidays. Arthur, our brother, took Em and I and a girl friend of ours to Byron Bay for the day on Boxing Day, and of course we had the best time we could. We went in for a lovely bathe in the breakers, and while we were in the water near the pier some men photographed us. There was a lovely shower of rain yesterday, when 40 points fell. Now we are having another shower, of which we are very much in need. I wrote to Cousin Emily Mann to-day. I saw her asking you to ask your Ne's and Ni's to write to her. I must say good-bye.

(Dear Kath,—Do send me a copy of that photo taken on Boxing Day. You must have had great fun. I hope before this year is out to come and see you all. Could you give me a shake down? I know Byron Bay, but, oh, it is not nice landing there in bad weather. I have had a dreadfully busy Christmas, and enjoyed it very much.—Uncle B.)

## TWO NI'S HOUSEKEEPING.

Emma Rankin, "Dalburrabin," Casino, writes:—

(Dear Uncle B.,—So you are home in Sydney again. I wonder if you had to join the "no-breakfast faddists" coming home, too? We had some lovely rain yesterday afternoon and this afternoon, too, so the dear old year died well and the new has made a great start. Dad, mater, and the two little children left to-day for Byron Bay for a holiday, so that now Kathleen and I have the housework all to ourselves, and we like it, too. We were up at a very little after 4 o'clock this morning to get them away early, as the train left at about twenty past six, and the children take a good while to dress, etc. We went on Boxing Day, but I'll give you a full description of that when I tell you of my holidays. Christmas and New Year both passed quietly here, as they usually do. We got some beautiful cards and other presents, too. Cousin Bonnie, of Avalon, has written to me, and, among other things, asked me for the Morse code. We have started a fair correspondence, too, now. Her Christmas card was the prettiest card I received. If any of my other cousins would like the code, and are too shy to ask for it at the post-office, I'll send it for the asking. Please excuse the mistakes and scribble, as everyone is talking here. Best love and wishes for the New Year to you and all my dear cousins.

(Dear Em,—How I wish I could pop in and see you both doing all the housework. Did

you ever hear of the man who was on a ship and the steward asked him if he would like some lunch, and the poor sea sick man said, "Throw it straight overboard; it will save time and trouble." Another steward asked a man if he had breakfasted, and the poor fellow said, "No, to the contrary." So glad you have started a good correspondence. I look forward to your letters.—Uncle B.)

## A NEW ZEALAND NE.

Arthur Day, Bligh's-road, Tapanui, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I was very disappointed not to see you on the first polling day to say "Good-bye." Hope you had a good voyage to Sydney. It will soon be Christmas Day, and our holidays begin on Friday. We break up for five weeks. I will write a paper on my holidays, and Christmas Day, and hope I will get one of the prizes. We were all pleased that so many people voted for National Prohibition, and I know you will be, too. Of course you know there was a second ballot in Christchurch North last Thursday, and I am pleased to say Mr. Isitt topped the poll by 749 votes. Father has just brought home a goose for our Christmas dinner. Do you hang up your stocking on Christmas Eve, because I do, and wake up early to look what there is inside. Wishing you and all my cousins a "Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year."—With love, I remain, your loving Nephew.

(Dear Arthur,—Thank you for your letter and the promise to write again about your holidays and Christmas. You did splendidly in New Zealand, and New South Wales is very proud of you. I wish a party of your cousins could go over and see your glorious country, and get a little of the splendid inspiration that New Zealand imparts on this liquor question. Write soon, Arthur, and remember we are all most interested in the New Zealand Ne's and Ni's.—Uncle B.)

## A VERY BRIGHT LETTER.

Bonny Edwards, Beancroft, Avalon, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—As my brother Eccott was writing to-night I thought I would write, too. I hope you had a jolly Christmas. It was very dull here, and hot. Did you have a pleasant birthday on December 5? I will be 15 years old on February 18, so I am 11 years older (?) than you. There is no mistake, Uncle, but our mysterious cousin Emily, though a girl, is a "Mann." You asked me to write and tell you about my Christmas holidays, etc. I have not had my holidays yet, but hope to have a few days at my aunt's place at Glen Ora, a distance of eight miles from Avalon. On Christmas morning I got up before 6 o'clock, and went into the organ and played "Hark, the Herald Angels Sing," "While Shepherds Watched their Sheep by Night," "Oh, Come all ye Faithful," etc., and other Christmas hymns, and woke them all up. We nearly always do that Christmas morning. I half expected to be presented with a boot shop, one boot



BOOKLET ON "HEALTHFUL LIVING" POSTED FREE.

# VEGETARIAN CAFE,

45 HUNTER STREET, SYDNEY.

at a time, when I shouted my Christmas greetings in to the still sleepy boys, but—dear boys—they didn't. I must close now. I wish you and all my "Grit" cousins a happy, prosperous, and bright New Year.—I remain, your affectionate niece.

(Dear Bonny,—If you had been in the house I stayed in and started tuning up at 6 a.m. you would have had an ovation, and been lucky to escape with your life. You see, Santa Claus had not the address of any of us, and we did not expect anything, and it would have been too unkind to wake us so early. Yes, thank you, I had a lovely birthday on the fifth, and felt big and important all day. I hope to give a party next birthday, and it will be fun, because none of you will be quite sure who your host is.—Uncle B.)

## A WOULD-LIKE-TO-BE NE'

Eccott Edwards, Beancroft, Avalon, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.—I am writing to ask you if you will enrol me as a nephew. My sister Bonny has been writing a long time to you, and has been wanting me to ever since I came home from Wingham, where I attend school. I have been attending school at Wingham nearly two years now, and will be fourteen years old on June 27 next. I hope you had a happy birthday on December 5. How do you like being four? I wonder if any of your nephews or nieces would like to correspond with me? It has been raining steadily here for about two hours. Wishing you and all my new cousins a happy New Year.—I remain, your would-like-to-be-nephew.

(Dear Eccott,—Glad to have you as a Ne, and hope some of your cousins will write to you. I like being four very much, and am now most anxious to be five. It is lovely having so many Ne's and Ni's, and the number is always growing, and while some of the older ones are suffering badly from the tired feeling, yet they will recover and write soon I hope.—Uncle B.)

## THE VERDICT OF EXPERTS

(Continued from Page 2.)

Dr. Stehr's chart confirms scientifically what has long been generally known, that accidents and crimes of violence. This is rapidly with the drinking of alcohol. This is why Sweden stopped the sale of alcohol during the recent strike in that country, and San Francisco and Chelsea shut up their saloons during the earthquake and fire.

Let us beware of anything that clogs or injures industry, for a nation's progress is directly related to, and it is impossible to separate it from the ability and health and morality of its workmen.

## SONS OF THE MANSE.

Men often turn out well even if their early environment and training have been good. This would not seem to be an unreasonable truth; yet common talk assumes just the opposite. "Ministers' sons and deacons' daughters" are pitied as being heavily handicapped in the effort for right living; and undoubtedly the Sunday-school study of the ignoble career of Manasseh, son of godly Hezekiah, will give occasion to sage comment as being only an early illustration of the usual bad career of good men's sons.

Facts, here, are worth more than gossip-bred theories. Within the last six years two magazines—the "Nineteenth Century" in England and "Munsey's" in America—have made notable contributions to the truth in this strangely falsified field. Canon Welldon examined the sixty-nine volumes of the Dictionary of (British) National Biography, and noted the names of men and women who had rendered special service to their nation, and who were children respectively of either lawyers, physicians, or clergymen. The lawyers' children of note numbered 510; the physicians' children, 350; the clergymen's, 1270. It would not seem to be a heavy handicap in Great Britain to be a minister's child, when such children have outnumbered by almost 50 per cent. in notable national service the children of the two honorable professions of law and medicine combined.

For America, D. O. S. Lowell's study of the census showed that one in every 221 men of special distinction ought to be a minister's son, if these sons bore their full share. But "Who's Who" in America instead of including the 51 ministers' sons, which that proportion calls for, recorded 898, or nearly eighteen times as many as the normal proportion should show.

In other words, while there was only one minister's son to 221 of male population, nearly one in twelve sons of ministers had risen to special distinction. The ministerial family stock of less than half of one per cent. of the total population gained eight per cent. of the honors. Of the names in the Hall of Fame at New York University, ministers' sons form almost one-fifth. These facts are not emphasised in order to laud the ministry, but simply to correct the devil-inspired and senseless notion that Christian training makes it harder than usual to live a decent life. People do not go to the bad because they have early been introduced to the good; and we ought all of us to bear witness by our life and conversation that the teachings of our life and conversation that the teachings of Jesus Christ are not to be feared.

## PASS "GRIT" ON

## THE HAUNTING FACE.

(Continued from Page 4.)

A fierce anger seized him. A great sob shook him. He groaned in self-remorse.

"Then this was why your face haunted me?" he cried. "I've seen you looking at me. You followed me everywhere, everywhere. Out of all the past, with all your kindness to me, you looked at me. I was in torments. I was compelled to come. Now I see why your eyes were on me. God forgive me!"

He made amends that day, and arranged for all her future. She would not leave Tynebridge. How could she leave the chapel?

William Greener is still in London. Every day in loving fancy he sees Aunt Effie's face. It does not haunt him now. It blesses and consoles him.—"Christian World."

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"Woman will be famed as well as man!" she ejaculated, as she threw down the book. "Yes," responded old Cynicus, "for untold ages."

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## The Feats and Defeats of Liquor.

### NO-LICENSE TRAGEDY.

#### A Doctor Murdered.

#### For Refusing to Prescribe Whisky.

Charleston (West Virginia), Jan. 2.

Enraged because of his refusal to issue a prescription ordering a pint of whisky, a man named Hatfield shot dead Dr. Thornton, a well-known physician.

The doctor was attending an injured person when he was killed.

Hatfield fled after killing the doctor, but was captured.—"S.M. Herald."

### MORE "DRY" TERRITORY.

Ottawa, Jan. 2.

Seventy municipalities in Ontario voted. Of these 35 rejected Prohibition, 15 carried it, and 20 failed to give the requisite three-fifths majority.—"Evening News."

### DRUGGED AND ROBBED.

#### IN A CITY HOTEL.

Louis Truyan, 54, a visitor from the country, at present staying at the Town Hall Coffee Palace, was the victim of a cruel but cleverly-devised confidence trick on Tuesday night.

Truyan had not been feeling well, and last night made up his mind to see Dr. Marsh, of Elizabeth-street, city. When he reached the doctor's surgery he found he was engaged, and took a seat in Hyde Park to wait until the doctor could be seen.

Three well-dressed men approached Truyan, and spoke to him. They all stated they were in Sydney for a holiday, and eventually the party had a drink at a hotel in Elizabeth-street.

During a chat and all-round wishes for a happy new year that followed, Truyan's new friends ascertained from him that he was going to see a doctor. One of the party advised him not to spend his money on a doctor, as he could introduce him to one of the profession, who, out of friendship for the speaker, would examine and advise him for nothing.

With a view to saving his money, Truyan assented to the proposal, and it was agreed that the party go to the doctor's surgery.

The alleged friend of the doctor, however, suggested they should get the medical man out, and have a good time with him. This was agreed to, and the man went to fetch his friend. He brought him, and the doctor, after having a drink, told Truyan to come into the hotel parlor with him.

Here the doctor insisted on the man stripping, and he examined him. After declaring there was little the matter with Truyan, the doctor gave him a dose of medicine out of a small phial. That is the last Truyan remembers of the incident until he awoke in the hotel parlor, minus his clothes, which were strewn about the room. He had

evidently been given a stiff sleeping-draught, which had rendered him unconscious.

On donning his clothes, he found his gold watch and chain and ring, also £21 in money, had been stolen.

The matter was reported to the detectives, who are now investigating the matter, and are searching for the "doctor" and his friends.—"Evening News."

### LIQUOR SOPHISTRY.

Some would-be classical writer who contributes to the columns of the "Beverage Trade News," a Philadelphia liquor organ, and, through those columns, to the edification of that journal's readers, sings the praises of alcohol as follows:—

"Alcohol, among civilised white men, is the father and mother of joy—of innocent joy as well as suicidal joy. If it shortens life it also glorifies life. Against every man that it kills one may set 10,000 men that it makes happy. Against every home that it blasts one may set 10,000 homes that it mellows, pacifies and illumines with romance. Father, charged with a pair of cocktails, may be a foe to his stomach and his arteries, but he is certainly no foe to his young children, for he gives them 10 cents a piece and bids them be merry. The son of the house, inflamed with a high-ball, may show a congested nose, but blood is also flooding his heart, for doesn't he wait on his best girl, clasp her to his bosom, kiss her like a man, and engage himself to her in honorable marriage?"

One would hardly suppose that the splendid imagination of the writer of the above had been limited by the use of only eight or ten cocktails. Such language could hardly flow from an ordinary beer user or a blind pig whisky soak. It has the airy, fantastical shade that would naturally be expected to go with champagne and light wines. His suggestion, which amounts to saying that in a city of 200,000 people with about 50,000 homes, in all of which liquor is used, there would be a maximum of only five homes that would be blasted, may be a little strong, but in order to appreciate this "fact" along with the other fancies suggested, it is natural to suppose that one must be in the same frame of mind as the author when his pen responded to the poetic sentiment of his soul in the above classic.—"American Issue."

### UNITED STATES HALF "DRY."

The fight against the liquor traffic in the United States has been half won, says the "American Issue." Almost two-thirds of the counties of the United States are under Prohibition. Approximately three-fourths of the incorporated villages are now without saloons. There are 200 "dry" cities having a population of more than 10,000 each; there are 49 "dry" cities having a population of more than 50,000 each, and there are five

"dry" cities having a population of more than 100,000 each. Most of these communities have been placed in the "dry" column during the past 20 years. There has been a constant increase in liquor consumption in the larger cities of the nation; there has been a constant growth in the population in the great centres where the liquor traffic still holds full sway, but in the rural communities, in the villages, township, and small cities, the consumption of intoxicating liquors has rapidly declined and the population living in "dry" territory has rapidly increased, until there are at present more than 44,000,000 people living in No-License territory, and more than 60 per cent. of the area of the United States is under Prohibition.

### LONDON HIPPODROME LIQUOR LICENSE.

The London Hippodrome have again failed to obtain a license for the sale of intoxicating liquors. The London County Council last November refused, by 36 votes to 33, to grant the necessary permission.

### BISHOP OF LIVERPOOL AND TEMPERANCE LEGISLATION.

Speaking last November at the Liverpool Churchmen's Federation of Men's Bible Classes and Services—Mr. Joynson-Hicks, M.P., and the Chaplain-General being the other speakers—the Bishop of Liverpool said, in reference to the temperance question, the Justices of Liverpool had set a great example to the whole world. Some good, at any rate, had come out of that black fortnight in August, when the dark storm of strike hung over the city. They learned in that period that the restriction of the hours of the sale of drink meant less crime, less poverty, and more money spent among the shopkeepers of the city even when wages were shorter. This movement on the part of the Justices would meet with tremendous opposition, and their desires could never be carried out unless they were backed up by public opinion. He urged his hearers to be apostles, not only of purity, but of temperance, and to strive their utmost to bring about more stringent legislation than they had at present. They had a vote, and they should bring their influence to bear on their members of Parliament. He was well aware that legislation could not do everything, but he did know that if they could not make men moral by Act of Parliament they could remove temptation out of their way and enable them to walk straight and keep sober.—"Alliance News."

If the liquor men are in earnest in wanting to make the saloon more respectable they can do it by removing all intoxicating liquor, but that is the only way.

\* \* \*

What man ever thinks of giving a saloon as reference when he is asking for a job of work or a contract?



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### This is Where You Laugh.

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With a Little Assistance.—Mother was starting Ethel off for school. "Are you sure you can find your way alone?" inquired she, anxiously. "I'm almost sure I could go alone if I had some one to go with me," answered the little lady of weakening courage.

She Was a Suffragette.—Charley had never seen his Aunt Ellen until now. She had lived several years in England, and had returned an ardent suffragette. "Well, Charley, how do you like Aunt Ellen?" asked his mother. "Oh, I like her all right," Charley had responded cheerfully; "but I think she's an awfully gentlemanly lady—don't you?"

On Foot.—A small girl, aged five, was studying intently a picture of the Garden of Eden. At last she said, in a perplexed voice, "But, mother, where is the carriage?" "Carriage!" exclaimed her mother in great surprise. "What can you mean, dear? There was no carriage in the Garden of Eden." "But," remonstrated the child, "you told me that the Lord drove Adam and Eve out of the Garden."

A Tinker's Dam.—"Not worth a tinker's dam" is a very common expression, but few of its users could, if asked, give one much information concerning its origin and true significance. The "American Mechanical Engineer" gives an enlightening rhyme on the subject:—

In days of old, the tinker bold,  
When called to mend a pot,  
Would build a wall of moistened meal  
Around the leakage spot.  
The melted solder thus was made  
Within due bounds to stay;  
But when the solder solid was,  
The dam was thrown away.  
And so the meal, then useless as  
A Lake Conchituate clam,  
Became a symbol; hence we say,  
"Not worth a tinker's dam."

Apropos of Christmas.—"There is one thing I can't understand about Christmas." "What's that?" "How is it that everybody gives more than he gets, and yet nobody gets as much as he gives. I can't understand what becomes of the surplus."

Not to His Liking.—"How did you enjoy your visit to your grandfather in the country, Rob?" "Oh, it was fine, 'cept I had to wash my face and hands in raw water at the pump. I like it cooked best, like we have at home."

The Rural Philosopher.—"I don't mind seein' a man wearin' a diamond stud in the front of his billed shirt, but when it comes to fastenin' his shoes with gold lace it's time to look up his standin' at the bank. They ain't no question in my mind that idleness is bad for character. A perfectly good egg, after settin' around doin' nothin' for ten or twelve years, is jest as vicious as any other when it goes broke. If it's true, as they tell us, that travill has a tendency to broaden a feller, it ought to go without sayin' that fat people had ought to stay to hum. The only thing that keeps some fellers from bein' a perfect ass is that they hain't got the ears required to do the job up in style. A good motto for some fellers in this here town is the simple words, 'Touch and Go.' What galls me is their comin' again after they've touched me oncet. I met a feller oncet who claimed to have seen two women's hats that was exactly alike, but when I come to look up his reppytation for voracity I discovered it warn't a very valuable asset. I hain't never attempted to dispute the old sayin' that every cloud has a silver linin', but it's bin my experience that whatever silver there was to 'em some other

feller's collected. Judgin' from the fellers I've seed doin' it, sleepin' in church durin' the sermon hain't no particular sign of a good conscience."

A New Creation.—Margaret, aged 11, had just returned from her visit to the Zoo. "Well," said her mother, smiling, "did you see the elephants and the giraffe and the kangaroos?" Margaret looked thoughtful. "We saw the elephant and the giraffe and the dang-ger-oos." "What?" said Mrs. Blank. "The dang-ger-oos. It said, 'these animals are D-a-n-g-e-r-o-u-s.'"

A Disastrous Error.—Late at night there was a ring at the door-bell of a doctor's house, and as the servants had gone to bed the doctor himself opened the door. A messenger stood on the steps, holding a large package. "Is Miss Matilda, the cook, at home, please, sir?" he asked. "Yes, but she has gone to bed," said the doctor. "Can I leave this for her, sir?" "Certainly!" replied the doctor. He took the bundle, from which flowers and leaves were protruding, and, after bidding the man "Good night," carefully carried it to the kitchen, where he deposited it, paper and all, in a pan of water. The doctor thought nothing more of the matter until the next morning, when he heard Matilda's angry voice raised in conversation with the housemaid. "If I had the person 'ere that put my new hat in this 'ere pan," cried the cook, "I'd scald him, I would."

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# For Fathers and Mothers.

## THE BIBLE IN MY FATHER'S HOUSE.

SOME MEMORIES OF A WELL-ORDERED HOME.

By ANDREW OLD.

When I remember the good days in my childhood's home, I see that the Bible was at the heart of nearly every one. It was, indeed, a house of Bibles, though a caller might think the great volume that had an honored place in the cheerful sitting-room was king of them all.

### THE FAMILY BIBLE.

I knew well enough, even as a little child, that this was not true. That great and weighty volume was for Sunday afternoon and for hours of convalescence after childish illnesses, with its many pictures and the family record that told the deaths and births and marriages of five generations. My mother was a busy woman, with her children, her careful housewifery and her work as a pastor's wife. But it was a joy, when the simple dinner of Sunday was over, to persuade her to sit down and tell of these folks of long ago—my great-grandparents, the uncle who died in China, the other uncle young and strong when he set out on his travels, who was buried in a far-away Italian city. Long years after I saw the grave, and the hour came back when, with her slender finger on the record, she said with a note of sorrow in her voice, "And his mother did not know for nearly a whole month that he was dead." Then she would turn to a nearer grief, to the entry of the birth and death of the first-born of her own flock and tell me about her gentle ways, bringing out, perhaps, the picture of a child of seven with frank and honest eyes.

The sacredness of that large Bible grew, for me, out of this record of birth and death. To see my own name there, with dates of birth and baptism, was to feel that I belonged to the large family circle of father and mother, with their marriage date, of the big grandfather and little grandmother I knew so well and the other grandmother I so seldom saw. The pictures in that Bible were quite a secondary interest, though I liked Moses drawing water for the daughters of Jethro and the Burning Bush that was no larger than the Rose of Sharon bush in our small city yard, all springled over with tufts of flame. But the names of my own people, the living and the dead, appealed to my imagination. Well I remember the shock when a visitor brought that book to raise a child's seat at the table. I know my father thought of the sin of putting God's Word to common uses; but to me it was unforgivable that my dead sister's name (her name was Margaret), written between Malachi and Matthew, should be sat upon by that stranger child.

### MOTHER'S BIBLE.

As the years slipped by that Bible fell more and more out of the centre. I found the heart of religion in the home in my mother's Bible,

a small, morocco-bound volume, soft and pleasant to the touch, like my mother's silks and furs when the hour seemed long in church. The print was so fine that I wondered that she could read it when my little grandmother took double glasses for her large print Testaments. Between the pages were little, sacred things—soft clippings of baby hair, records of sister and of mother love, a scrap of verse, in the pale ink and slanting letters of the olden time, a picture prize of a shepherd and his sheep that I, by luck or favor, had received at infant school. That my mother should treasure in her Bible what I had won, filled me with amazement. It seemed so high a flight from my concerns to her devotions.

### THE SACRED INTERVAL.

For I came soon to know that there was a little, sacred interval in each busy day, not always won, but always sought and planned for, when no ordinary knocking would gain an entrance to her closed door or bring her to my side. She and her Bible were alone with God. And I knew, without her telling, that I and my ways were a part of her concerns in that time of prayer. Once or twice I had even been called in when sin or sorrow were to be spoken of between us. And life had a different look when I came out at her door after that speaking. In ordinary hours my mother was not only one of the dearest, but often one of the gayest of companions; but when she came down from that mount of silence, it seemed to my childish eyes that her face shone.

### A BIRTHDAY PRESENT.

On our seventh birthday each of us received our own Bible. My elder brother's, I remember, was red and mine was green. They were fat, morocco-bound books, on the title-page of which our father had written our name and the date of our baptism. Thenceforth at morning prayers I did not look over my mother's or my brother's book, but found the place and followed my father's reading in my own Bible, or made my stumbling way in turn through the three verses which was the portion of each when we read around. I was glad, I remember, when the hard names came my way and attacked them valiantly, with sense of adventure. And my father seldom interrupted or corrected as my ship moved on, so long as it found some navigable channel among the breakers. I think he must have smiled, but I am sure that he never omitted the Dukes of Edom or the genealogies for the ease of the little folks.

### ON SUNDAY EVENING.

At dusk on Sunday we recited Bible verses that we had learned during the week and suffered catechising. "Man's chief end"

was easy; but I began to fail and falter when I passed "adoption and justification for sanctification." Then my mother led us in a hymn. How often does the singing of one of her special favorites bring back those quiet hours of praise!

### A PREACHER'S BIBLE.

Soon after this I learned the secret of my father's study Bible. It lay open on his desk one day when he had gone on a round of pastoral calls and I had strayed into the closed quarter of the book-lined room, a comfortable two-columned page with a river of full printed references flowing down between, like the river of life in the heavenly city. And along the margins were written words. I could not hold back my curiosity. That any one—that my father, of all men—should write in a Bible seemed incredible and almost profane. They were dates and names of places, a record of sermons preached. After that the announcement of the text on Sunday had a fresh interest and brought back the look of the marked page of that study Bible.

### REAL PEOPLE AND A POWERFUL BOOK.

The best of it all was that the men and women of the Bible were so real and vital to my imagination. David and the Philistine giant were men I knew. Jack of the beanstalk and even Hercules were denizens of an imaginary, unreal world, but Samson was as real as the big minister, my father's friend, who sometimes stopped and joked with me. We lived the quietest of lives, but we were not provincial, for we knew intimately kings and prophets, the writers of great songs, Peter and John and Paul and Jesus as the lover of little folks. And the words of wisdom and of faith we learned were vital elements of power that braced and quickened thought and life—"Congregationalist."

### FORGETTING AND REMEMBERING.

Let us forget.  
Let us forget our brother's fault and failing,  
The yielding to temptation that beset,  
That he, perchance, though grief be unavailing,  
Cannot forget.  
But blessings manifold, past all deserving,  
Kind words and helpful deeds, a countless throng,  
The fault o'ercome, the rectitude unswerving,  
Let us remember long.

—Selected.

### SUMMED UP.

"Go print what I say in a book:  
Here woman begins and she ends—  
She talks of her friends to her cook,  
She talks of her cook to her friends."

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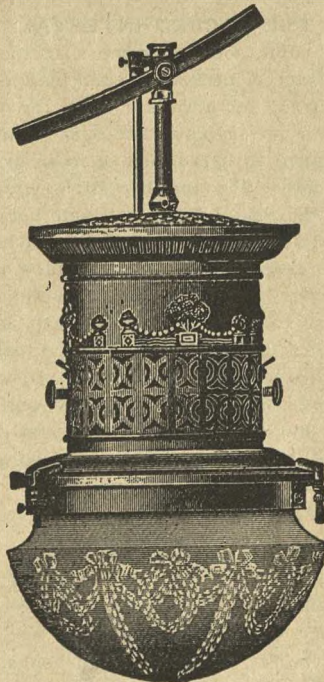
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MUSLIN BLOUSE FRONTING, dainty designs, 22 in. wide. Worth 1/3. For 1/- yard.  
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LADIES' SUNSHADES, very good quality, all colors in stripe, check, and floral designs, 6/11, 7/11, 9/6, 10/6, 12/6.  
LADIES' LISLE GLOVES, 3 dome, Navy, V. Rose, Amethyst, Wine, Moss, 9½ d. pair. Usual price, 1¼ d.  
LADIES' LISLE ELBOW GLOVES, White, Beaver, Pastelle, 8½ d. pair.  
LADIES' WHITE KID GLOVES, 3 button Self and Black Stitching, 1/6 pair.

#### SOME REAL SPECIALS IN HOSIERY AND BELTS.

COLORLED LACE LISLE HOSE, assorted shades. Worth 1/3. For 11d.  
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